



Jockey of the Green,

A Scotch Ballad.

Sung by Mrs. Hudson, at Vaux-hall Gardens.

OF all the Swain around the Tweed,
So blithe and debonair,

Not one (it is by all agreed)

With Jockey can compare,

So gay a form, so just a mind,

Before was never seen,

Nor ere was Swain to me so kind,

As Jockey of the green.

If ere at eve I chanc'd to stray,
The fields and groves along,

Young Jockey meets me in the way,

And cheers me with his song;

And when I sit on Bank of Tweed,

Where rural Sports are seen,

None tune so sweet the oaten Reed,

As Jockey of the green.

Of late his talk has been of love,

Of love for me alone;

And if I but his flame approve,

He'll take me for his own.

If so, I'll quickly bless for life,

The blithest Swain ere seen,

And be the wedded, faithful Wife,

Of Jockey of the Green.

